'Sing Out, Sweet Land' Scores A Rousing Hit at the National

By Nelson B. Bell

Washington Post

With its richness of American musical folklore, and given full-dimensioned body in the Theater Guild's Broadway production, Walter Kerr's "Sing Out, Sweet Land" last night was accorded an overwhelming welcome home by an enthusiastically appreciative capacity audience in the National Theater.

In form and structure this expansive panorama of native music, from the days of the Puritans to the virtual present remains as it was upon the occasion of its first performance in the campus theater at Catholic University—a rousing, sometimes emotional, frequently humorous and always interesting tribute to the power of song to weld a nation into a lighthearted and courageous unit and express the moods of the various periods in its development.

If something of the simplicity and directness of the original version of the work has been sacrificed in the process of Broadwayizing the homely, indigenous folk tunes that comprise the backbone of the music-drama, the modifications, I should say, all have been on the side of swifter, more varied and more exciting entertainment.

Interest Is Diffused

While the character of Barnaby Goodchild, the embodiment of the spirit of American music and its vital place in the scheme of American living, has been given a little more romantic warmth than was the case when "Sing Out, Sweet Land" was first presented locally under its original auspices, that engaging figure also has been made to share interest with a second wandering troubadour whose numerous ballads result in a diffusion of thematic interest.

Presented in two acts and 13 scenes, the musical cavalcade progresses with well-knit continuity from the days of Plymouth Rock through a New England Town, the Illinois Wilderness, the Oregon Trail and the South to a spirited first act finale aboard a Mississippi Boat.

Act II picks up the recital of national development, travail and triumph by a Civil War Campfire, proceeds to a Railroad Station in Texas, a City Park, an allegorical commentary upon industrial life, Five o'Clock Whistle; a Speakeasy Night Club, the deck of an Aircraft Carrier and a stirring final scene that enlists the full vocal power and patriotic fervor of the entire cast.

To catalogue the multitudinous songs of known and unknown origin that have been employed to punctuate and point the action would be to brief the annals of three centuries of American music.

Some of them, however, have been given the dimensions of complete miniature music-dramas in themselves. The much abused "Frankie and Johnny," for instance, has been expanded into a rhythmically swaying threnody of tragic humor, and "Casey Jones" converted into something of a comic classic of domestic adaptability.

Humor and Symbolism

Likewise, the problems of railroading have been lent ludicrous luster by Barnaby's great good will toward the hobo world, one of whose tatterdemalions scores one of the hits of the evening with "I Have Been a Good Boy," as engaging a bit of musical satire as has come across the footlights in ages, and "Five o'Clock Whistle" takes on all of the contours of an imaginative and powerful bit of symbolism expressed in music and dance.

The exhausting role of Barnaby is given exuberant and joyful interpretation by Ray Jacquemot, whose resonant baritone is quite up to the demands of a wide range of songs of every character and mood. His gloomy, Puritanical Nemesis down the years is played with equal versatility and effectiveness by Philip Coolidge, an actor of fine capabilities.

Burl Ives, starring in a variety of guises, fortifies his position as one of the contemporary theater's great balladists and masters of folk tunes. His songs are many and unfailingly delivered to utmost effect. Foremost among them, in this view, are "Blue Tail Fly" and the group he sings in the Railroad Station episode, where Jack McCauley also registers so heavily with "I Have Been a Good Boy."

Able Feminine Players

Romantic interest is sustained throughout the two acts by Alma Kaye, whose voice and charm are wholly equal to every occasion, and Bibi Osterwald is a tower of strength in the more humorous passages. Dancing honors fall to Jerry Ross and Irene Hawthorne, who seem limited by no style or tempo, and a spiritual ensemble of colored singers adds still further to a widely variegated musical festival.

So many people play so many different parts that individual consideration is difficult, beyond recognition of the fact that Robert Penn, James Westerfield and Ted Tiller are in there pitching from first to last and with usually telling effect.

"Sing Out, Sweet Land" has been colorfully staged and its direction in every department is a contributing factor to an unusual and unusually enjoyable evening in the theater.

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August 22, 1944

Eastern Playwright Speaks in Calgary

Miss Lillie F. J. Mitchell, president of the Halifax branch of Canadian Authors, visited Friday evening with members of the Calgary branch, at the Palliser hotel. Miss Mitchell spoke of the Maritime regional meeting scheduled to take place in the near future, at which much progressive work is planned in the world of writing.

The Halifax branch of Canadian Authors consists of about 30 members. H. L. Stuart, professor of philosophy in Dalhousie University, famed for his writing and well known to radio audiences is vice-president of the branch. Mr. Thomas, well-known novelist, is a member, and also Miss Helen Creighton, who has distinguished herself on the radio, and is at present making transcription recordings of actual combat and adventure stories to be released later.

Miss Lillie Mitchell specializes in playwriting. She takes an interest in plays for children and those for school use, besides writing others of entertainment and educational value. They are growing in demand across the Dominion.

Some interesting comments were made during the discussion: Canadian writers were blamed for too much modesty. Some American methods were recommended as the means to bring more renown to Canadian literature by means of a deliberate and systematic exploitation. Canadian authors were criticized for their fear of simple writing, which often possesses strength. Mention was made of the fact that Canadian servicemen sing south of the border because of the lack of Canadian products. A Calgary member suggested all Canadians should combine their resources and present a united front in the literature of Canada.

s Saying Today

One May Now Accept Lonely Post With Fewer Misgivings

History Hos Been Made Before Eyes and Portrayed by Camera of Mr. W. J. Topley, Pioneer Photographer, Who Celebrates Eighty-Second Birthday on Sunday

Here is reproduced one of the early composite pictures in the making of which Mr. Topley was noted. It was taken during the regime of Lord Dufferin, and His Excellency is standing in the foreground, broom in hand, watching the progress of the stones. Seated in the centre are Lady Dufferin with her son, Lord Alva, is the daughter of the house, who later became Lady Plunkett. Among other figures in this group are Mr. Stevenson, Col. Littleton, military secretary; Capt. Ward, A.D.C., and Major Hamilton.

Practiced His Profession in Ottawa City for Nearly Fifty Years

STUDIO POPULAR WITH DIGNITARIES

Artistry and Integrity Won Him Favor in Eyes of All

By EDNA KELLS

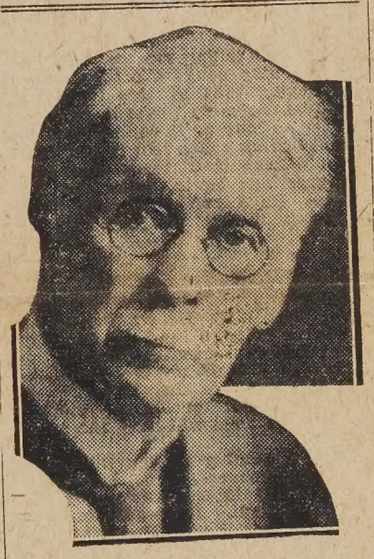
"EVERYONE to some extent wears a mask behind which he hides until he finds out how others are going to treat him. We speak of unbending when we mean unmasking." This is a truth which Mr. William J. Topley, one of the pioneer photographers of Canada discovered in the early days of his career at Ottawa. It was one of the secrets which enabled him to attain a high place in his profession and in the confidence of those with whom he came in contact through his work.

"My training has been to see beauty," says Mr. Topley. "In art, like going to church, you do not get anything out, if you don't bring something to it. So it is when you make a portrait: You must have beautiful thoughts in mind and recognize beauty."

Celebrating Birthday

Mr. Topley, who makes his home at present with his daughter, Mrs. R. C. W. Lett and Mrs. Lett, Stony Plain road, is celebrating his eighty-second birthday on Sunday, February 13. So he says. But it is difficult to conceive that the winters of four score years have passed over his head, when one talks with him and realizes that his interest in life and the things which pertain thereto, is keener than that of many persons who have seen only half as many summers.

During the years when the Topley studio was one of the popular institutions of Ottawa, Mr. Topley



Mr. William J. Topley, who was engaged in photography in Ottawa before confederation, and followed his profession until his retirement ten years ago.

came in contact with most of the prominent men and women of Canada, and many famous visitors who came from afar to visit the capital, as well as private citizens whose names would mean nothing to the world at large. His kindliness of heart and staunch integrity, soon won the confidence of his patrons and inspired them to throw off their masks. In many instances warm friendships were formed through this medium, and in all cases those who were photographers faced the camera as human beings devoid of self-consciousness. Where beauty of face and character existed, the artist recognized it, and it was reflected in the portraits he produced. In all his portraiture Mr. Topley left the lines of character on the faces. "I do not believe in touching up photographs till the faces look like billiard balls," he says.

Providence or Fate

But as all things must have a beginning, so did Mr. Topley's artistic career. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Topley, lived in Montreal when their son was born in 1845. Later they moved to Aylmer, Quebec, but the mother used to go to Montreal every year to visit her friends. Apparently she was a believer in encouraging the young to find themselves early. In 1858 when her son was a lad of thirteen, she went to Montreal for her annual visit, and took $100.00 to buy a melodeon for him. Up to that time his talents had seemed to lean toward music. He played the flutina, an improved accordeon, and sang at children's concerts. However, when Mrs. Topley reached Montreal, all unconsciously she started her young son along another path.

New Field Opening

Photography was then something new and offered an almost untried field. Mrs. Topley's interest was awakened. Perhaps some sketches in exercise books had revealed to her the fact that her son had artistic talent. So she decided to invest the money she had brought in a camera. She interviewed several photographers of that day, but could get little assistance. They could do nothing for her. Eventually she went to a celebrated photographer, Mr. William Notman, and related her difficulties. She wanted a photographic outfit, and she also wanted some instructions to carry back to her son. Mr. Notman evidently appreciated the situation, for he replied, "Madam, I will give you an outfit for $100.00, and will give you seventeen lessons which you can teach to your son when you return home." Mrs. Topley took the lessons and on her return passed the knowledge along to her son who was soon revelling in the mysteries of photography as it was known in those days.

Mr. Topley's father fitted up a studio for the lad, and there he applied himself diligently to the task of mastering the new art. One year he went on a tour of four towns, taking tintypes. This was a humble beginning, but the art of taking photographs on paper was only coming in. In fact photography for him was considered more in the line of play than anything else. It was not looked upon as a means of income.

Started Work Seriously

In 1864 the young artist moved to Montreal and went into the employ of Mr. William Notman, whose fame had increased with the passing years, and had spread to the United States. He had also become photographer to the queen. Since that time the name of Notman has always been the leading name in photographic circles in Canada. In 1867, Mr. Topley, then a young man in his early twenties, returned to Ottawa and opened a branch for Mr. Notman, whose idea was to collect portraits to mke a picture of confederation celebrities. This plan, however, he never carried out. In 1872 Mr. Topley bought out the Ottawa branch, and then was established the Topley studio.

About the time that Mr. Notman established the studio at Ottawa, he also opened branches in Toronto, St. John and Boston, and gave a good deal of attention to college work. Group photography as we know it, was unknown in those days. When perhaps a hundred young men in a college wanted pictures of each other, they would order one hundred albums, so that each fellow would have portraits of his friends. Photography was new and people who had money thought nothing of spending it in that way. As an example of this the officers of three regiments stationed at Montreal who had come to Canada during the Trent affair, thought nothing of ordering lavishly —perhaps a hundred or more pictures to send home to their friends.

Times Have Brought Changes

Photography today is more a profession, a one-man business, says this veteran artist. If an old artist went into a studio today, he would not know anything about modern processes. In the early days artists encountered greater difficulties. For instance they made their own plates as needed. These were known as collodion plates and in summer would not keep longer than ten minutes. Today plates are made in factories and will keep in a fair condition for six months.

Cameras too, had their limitations in those early days, and taking of groups involved an immense amount of artistry, patience and plain hard work. When a group picture was desired, the artist first drew the background in accordance with the characteristics of the group. The people in the picture were photographed individually, each in the position assigned in the sketch, then the individual pictures were pasted on the sketch previously prepared. The proportions indicated the perspective. In this manner was the curling scene reproduced on this page, photographed. The drawing in this case was done by the late Mr. F. M. Bell Smith of Toronto, and the photography by Mr. Topley.

Were Historical Groups

Some of these composite pictures have their historical significance. There was for instance, the picture of the famous fancy dress ball, held at Rideau hall during the regime of Lord Dufferin. Over one hundred and fifty people make up this group and the picture is about four feet in length. The flowing robes and elaborate coiffures are a strange contrast to the present day scanty gowns and simple bobbed heads. The dress of the men offers almost as great a contrast when compared with present day dress, and one can easily imagine that the manners of those days were in keeping with the more elaborate and formal dress. The federal government purchased this picture, and there are still stored in a vault in Ottawa, many negatives which are of great historical value.

Old Guard Dinner

Another outstanding picture is that of the famous "Old Guard" dinner given in honor of Sir John A. Macdonald on May 4, 1882, "by his supporters during his one term in the opposition." The design of the table decoration was copied from that of a dinner given to the Duke of Wellington. The flowers were arranged to form the words "The Old Guard." One may naturally infer that those seated around the board were staunch Conservatives. As depicted Sir John A. Macdonald is standing speaking. At his right is Sir Charles Tupper, on his left Mr. Brooks. Some of the party are slightly withdrawn, but most are seated in their places at the table. Among the party are Sir Hector Langevin, Sir John Abbott, Sir J. H. Pope, Sir Adolph Caron, the Hon. John Costigan, the Hon. George J. Kirkpatrick, Senator Colby, John Haggart, M. R. Ryan of Montreal, John Schultz, Mr. Bunster, known as the joker of the House of Commons, the Hon. Edgar Dewdney, Alonzo Wright, John Smith, a British Columbia member who was said to have had his name changed by act of parliament to "Amor de Cosmos" (Love of the World) in order that he might be sure of getting his mail! In the balcony in the background, there are among others, Lady Macdonald, Lady Caron, Mrs. Schultz, Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Dewdney. Two or three years were required to complete this picture because of the difficulty of getting the people, one by one, to photograph them. Before it was finished, some of the party had passed to the Beyond, and when Mr. Topley took the picture to Sir John A. Macdonald, tears came to the eyes of the prime minister as he commented on the loss of his old friends.

The ice carnival at Rideau hall during Lord Stanley's term of office as governor general, was another remarkable composite picture made by Mr. Topley. Here again, the costumes of the times are in marked contrast to those of today, for one could scarcely imagine a modern merry-maker attempting to skate in sweeping skirts.

Photographed King

When King George, then a midshipman, visited Canada in 1883, Mr. Topley had the honor of photographing him. A copy of this picture in his possession shows a remarkable likeness to the Prince of Wales as he appeared on his first visit to Canada, when he was the same age as his father at the time the latter was photographed.

Prince Leopold, when he came to visit the Princess Louise, remarked at a reception that he was sorry his stay of only a few hours prevented him from doing what he was told was the proper thing to do, to be photographed by Topley.

Vice Regents Sought His Studios

All the Governors General of Canada since Confederation, and their wives, have been photographed at this famous studio, and all of them up to and including the Earl of Minto, by Mr. Topley himself. Many of these pictures are reproduced in books of memoirs, and of Canadian history. One group of reproductions shows the Hon. Lord Lisgar, photographed on February 2, 1869; the Earl of Dufferin, June 25, 1872; the Marquis of Lorne, November 25, 1878; Lord Stanley of Preston, June 11, 1888; the Earl of Aberdeen, September 18, 1893; and the Earl of Minto, November 12, 1898. The wives of their excellencies are also included in this group.

That famous picture of the Princess Louise in which she appears with a white "cloud" wrapped around her head, a vogue she started in Canada, was taken by Mr. Topley, as well as many other pictures of her royal highness. He received the honor as photographer by appointment to His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise.

Chief Justices of the Supreme Court of Canada make up another group of celebrities photographed by Mr. Topley. These include Sir Elzear Taschereau, the Hon. R. Sedgewick, the Hon. D. Grouard, the Hon. A. C. Killam, Sir Louis Davies, and the Hon. W. Nesbitt.

Memories Recalled

Going over these pictures arouses a host of reminiscences which would fill volumes if Mr. Topley would take the time to write them down. In view of the coming visit of the D'Oyly Carte company, that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, the famous composer, has a special interest. When Sir Arthur visited Rideau hall in the time of the Marquis of Lorne, he made an appointment with Mr. Topley for a sitting. When it was concluded, Sir Arthur informed Mr. Topley that in New York he had been offered five hundred copies of his photograph if he would sit for a prominent artist, but he did not grant the favor. "Princess Louise tells me," he said, "that you are the only person who has kept his work in regard to photographs, so I have come to you. I do not want this photograph sold. It is for private distribution."

Other famous people visited Ottawa in those days as later, and all sought the popular artist. Among the visitors were the Montalba sisters, who visited the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise. One of the sisters was a famous artist, another a sculptor. The Hon. Richard Morton, Lady Byng's father, was comptroller of the vice regal household during the Princess Louise' time, and he too was photographed. Another important official at that period was Sir John MacNeill, V. C., who saved the Princess Louise from more serious injury when in a runaway accident her sleigh tipped over. He kept he in a position which prevented injury from broken glass.

Old Acquaintance Remembered

Among Mr. and Mrs. Topley's warm personal friends are numbered the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and Lady Minto, who by letter keep up the connection though many years have passed since they resided in Rideau hall. Several pictures taken by Mr. Topley are included in "We Twa," reminiscences of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and in Lord Minto's Memoirs by John Buchan. In the compilation of these memoirs, Lady Minto played an important part of which she speaks in a letter sent to her old friends, together with her photograph, at Christmas.

Another Christmas greeting came from Lady Aberdeen, whose token was a photograph of Lord Aberdeen feeding poultry in the yard taken by herself. The picture bears the title, "A Cackle of Greeting from the Birds of Cromar." Cromar is the Aberdeenshire home of the family.

Kept Abreast of Times

As the years passed, Mr. Topley kept abreast with the advancement of photography when not actually leading. An artist in the truest sense of the word, he devoted much time and thought to the artistry of his pictures and to experimenting in new fields. Frequently he would pose figures before a white background, and after taking the photograph would fill in the background with crayons to suit his fancy. The production of bas relief and statuary effects in photography were other ideas he worked out.

In those days he was a member of a sketch club in Ottawa, and when others would exhibit their sketches in oils and water colors, he would display photographs illustrating the subject specified. One of these having "Work" for its theme, is an effective study of a girl sitting in a kitchen paring apples. At one time the club members were asked to bring sketches illustrating a story by Mrs. Howells Freshette, sister of W. D. Howells, of a young girl who came to town to become a servant and eventually became a nun. The pictures submitted by Mr. Topley are extremely beautiful.

Toured Canada With Royalty

An outstanding honor came to Mr. Topley in 1901, when Lord Minto invited him to join the vice regal party including the Duke and Duchess of York, in its tour of Canada. The wording of the invitation was unique in that it requested Mr. Topley's presence on a trip "en route to Halifax via Vancouver." Besides the vice regal party, there were also included among the travelers, Melton Prior, artist of the London Illustrated News, Sidney Hall, artist of the London Graphic, the artist of the Sketch, Canon Dalton, chaplain to the Duke of Cornwall, William Notman, junior, Montreal, and Canadian and English newspapermen. The party traveled royally in two trains, visited Victoria before turning eastward, and stopped a few days at Banff while the Duke of York went off on a shooting trip with Colonel Kirchoffer. The receptions given the vice regal party were most enthusiastic.

"Grew Up" With City

Mr. Topley went to Ottawa when the capital was emerging from a backwoods town. In any case it would eventually have become a city, he says, but the arrival of the government brought a lot of salaried people who have done a great deal to upbuild the city. Notwithstanding the fact that in the old days it was customary to jeer at the civil service. He saw the erection of the original parliament buildings, designed for the junction of Upper and Lower Canada, but proving too small when confederation was consummated. He saw the Houses of Parliament later go up in flame and new parliament buildings arise on their site. Many other developments Mr. Topley also witnessed, and of these he comments particularly on the idea, running through all, to preserve the natural beauty of the city and develop it. The government spends $150,000 a year beautifying the city instead of paying municipal taxes.

Life was Not All Work

Of the play part, little has been said heretofore, yet this side of life was not neglected. Mr. Topley was fond of camping, deer hunting, and fishing and indulged in these sports whenever possible. While on his holiday trips he also photographed many of the beauty spots of Canada and has a wonderful collection of slides colored by himself, which he displays to friends upon occasion.

Nor did he turn a deaf ear to the call of his country. In 1863 he joined a militia company during the Trent affair and served in Montreal at the time of the Fenian raid, for which service a medal was given.

Is Godfather to Village

A present interest is that connected with the village of Topley. When the Grand Trunk Pacific line to Prince Rupert was in course of construction, one of the stations was named Topley. Many travelers are not familiar with this metropolis, because the trains very inconsiderately pass through very early in the morning and very late at night, but this fact did not prevent Mr. Topley making himself acquainted with "his village," and particularly with the group of some twenty children who composed the school. That was in the beginning of things. The group has grown and there are now over forty children in the town.

Mr. Topley knows the birthday of every child in the school and when it comes around, sends a personal greeting. With many of the children he corresponds and is duly informed of their progress and when a new scholar arrives in the district. This correspondence is a source of constant interest and entertainment, and sometimes the opportunity arises which enables him to pass along a gentle admonition regarding spelling, penmanship, or composition. One of the teachers has said that it is fortunate for Topley that it has a godfather!

Another hobby, and a most delightful one, is that of painting in oils on a photographic foundation, something not often done. In this he has secured some remarkably beautiful results, and in spite of his eighty-two years, his hand is as deft as ever, and his sense of coloring as fine.

Had Congenial Companion

Through all these years Mr. Topley did not journey alone. Fifty-eight years ago he met Miss Helena de Courcy McDonogh of Ottawa. Three years later she became his bride and partner in the truest sense of the word. Three children were born to them, Mr. William deCourcy Topley who succeeded to the Topley studio, Helena deCourcy (Mrs. R. C. W. Lett), and John H., who lived eight months only.

In the years that followed, Mr. and Mrs. Topley traveled extensively, often combining business with pleasure in a manner which made it all pleasure. They visited the lower St. Lawrence, Florida, the West Indies, the old country, Pacific and Atlantic coasts and intermediate points in Canada.

"I wish we were young and we could go around again," says Mrs. Topley from the comfortable security of her own particular chair beside the fire, where she reads in the glow of a lamp arranged to suit her requirements. As she smilingly recalls past joys, Mr. Topley winds up the Victrola, produces a new book or magazine of particular interest, hunts up a picture, or busies himself with other courtesies, all tending to add to the happiness of his guests.

GLASS HOUSES

Learn if you must, but do not come to me
For truth of what your pleasant neighbor says
Behind you of your looks or of your ways,
Oor of your worth and virtue generally;
If he's a pleasure to you, let him be—
Being the same to him; and let your days
Be tranquil, having each the other's praise,
And each his own opinion peaceably.
—Edwin Arlington Robinson, in the Yale Review.

THE SWIMMER

Who wades in shallow water and would keep
Away from places where the tide runs deep.
He will be safe, but he will never know
The fierce delights of one who dares to go
Far out where waves are taller than the ships,
Where wild, green water makes a wall, then slips
In a half arc to crash some rock with thunder;
Where there are pools to suck a strong man under.
He will be safe; his mouth will not be wry
With bitter salt; he will not have to try
His strength with death; I hear the north wind shout,
And bruised and numb, yet am I glad that I
Am not afraid to live, afraid to die . . .
I leap the waves and swim yet farther out.
—Abigail Cresson in the Toronto Globe.

sweep of the modern commercial capitalist, and ultimately monopolist, civilization," he said. "I totally and utterly do not believe in it. I believe it to be one of the lowest slaveries that an M. P. has ever undergone, and I think that it will soon fall by its own weight, and break up by its incapacity, but during that process, I am for defending all those little protected kingdoms of leisure and liberty and human creative habit that still exist. Compared with the offensive, fussy, commercial, intrusive, universal, self-advertising bounder who has become god of our modern state, I infinitely prefer the great lady who lived walking about in the old garden and who was at least an ornament to the world."

I have no intention of discussing the pros and cons of these arguments, but must confess that Chesterton's suggestion that it would be a good thing if we had more time to think, appeals to me. Most of us find that when an hour of leisure comes, we are too tired with doing those things which have to be done, to really think seriously, even if we are so minded. Consequently it seems a tragedy that those who have time, do not use it to good advantage.

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MME. E. A. ALPHANDERY

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Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

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Editor Farmer's Rainbo

THE POST OFFICE BOX

Doesn't Like Red Hair

Dear Farmer—I am a little girl nine years old. I have red naturally curly hair and gray eyes. I don't like red hair, do you, Farmer? I like to read the letters the other members write. I like the ones best where they tell about their pets. I am in grade four. I have many playmates. Among them are Nap Rowland, Ernie and Walter Timms. Most boys are rough, but they aren't. Nap is just ten years old. He has black hair and brown eyes. Ernie is ten and Walter is nine. A bunch of us play coasting with our sleighs after school. I like the girls better than the boys, though. I have taken three years in music and am going to take more. I always go away for my summer holidays and have a good time. I must tell you about my little nephew, Harry Cresswell. He is so cute, and we are all crazy about him. He is just at the cute age, four years. He says awfully cute things and he loves to wink at the girls. My brother taught him that. He has fair hair, blue eyes and awfully cute dimples. I will tell you about my pets. I have a little brown dog. He sings when we play the piano. We have a bird and two cats. I like going to school and I like my teacher. Which do you like best, Farmer, winter or summer? I like both. I am going to learn to skate. I used to live in Vancouver, but did not like it very well. I liked the school there. Farmer, would you please send little Harry a beautiful badge. He will write as soon as he is able. I am sending a self-addressed envelope for his badge. Santa was good to me this year. He brought me a sled. I guess I'll quit now, as mama says not to make the letter too long or there will not be room for the other letters. I hope to see this in print. Goodbye Farmer. I hope you and Mrs. Farmer have a happy New Year and years and years of good luck. Yours truly.

SUSIE RUGGLES.

Box 422, Edmonton.

Yes, I do like red hair, Susie, especially when it is curly, and I think perhaps when you are a little older you will like it, too. Of course, children always make lots of fun about it, and name you "carrots" or some equally terrible name, but it is just as well to take it all and say nothing. I don't blame you for worshipping your little nephew and would love to cuddle him up myself. So brother has been up to some trick, too, teaching him to wink at the girls. Didn't he think the little fellow would learn that soon enough? If the two birds and the dog start to sing when you play the piano, it must be as good as an orchestra. I don't mind your letter being a little lengthy Susie as it is newsy right from beginning to end. Write again just as soon as you like.—FARMER.

Hockey Is Good Game

Dear Farmer—This is my first letter to the Rainbow club. Please send me one of your pretty buttons. I am going to school now and am in grade five. The Educational society had a play on November 20, and the people were very glad to see it. We had great fun skating and playing hockey until the snow came. Our teacher broke his skate. We are playing with snowballs now and it is a delightful game. The boys play against the girls, but the boys always win. On Saturdays I catch weasels. I have caught two already. I am going to catch fish, too. Our school was closed for the month of January. Our mare died and the coyotes come to eat her. Father is trying to catch them. I hope to see my letter in print. Your new member,

WILLIAM LOBAY

Spedden, Alberta.

I would say that you made a pretty good start for your first letter, and Farmer hopes that you will find time to write to him at least once a month. I wish that you had told us something about the play put on in Spedden sometime during November, we don't even know the name of it. I guess there has been lots of skating since the snow came, William, but it means quite a bit of extra work to keep the lake or the rink clean, doesn't it? Are you going to fish through a hole in the ice—real Esquimaux style? I have never done it myself, but imagine there would be plenty of fun.—FARMER.

A Broken Nose

Dear Farmer—This is my first letter to the Rainbow club. Please send me a button. Last month we were on the lake and the boys were playing hockey. One boy fell and broke his nose. My father has been fishing and he caught 61. If my brother was home he would catch more. My father is taking me to school as it is very cold. The snow has been falling every night and is about six inches deep. Hoping to see my letter in print. Your new member,

NELLIE BOOY.

Spedden, Alberta.

I hope that some of the girls were able to give first aid to your poor little friend who had his nose broken in the hockey game recently. It is a great thing to be able to bandage up broken bones, or relieve pain in a short time. Father has been pretty fortunate with his fishing, hasn't he, Nellie? Where is brother just now?—FARMER.

Won Many Prizes

Dear Farmer—I would like to have a Rainbow button for my little sister. She is five years old. I have five sisters and four of us go to school. My youngest sister is two and a half years old. We had a school fair and got so many prizes. There are forty-seven children going to our school. Our teacher has been here four years. Daddy was down to the States this summer and brought back a car that grandma gave us. I guess I will close, for I am getting tired.

RUTH LINDHOLM.

Czar, Alberta.

My what glorious rides you will be able to take in the new car, Ruth, and I think it was pretty nice of Grandma to send back such a wonderful present, don't you? Perhaps you will be driving up to the city next summer, and will you come in to see Farmer then? I hope you got the Rainbow button for little sister. She is young to be going to school, but with three big sisters to help her with her lessons, she should get along famously, as she no doubt is doing.—FARMER.

Pony Wins Races

Dear Farmer—This is my first letter to your interesting club. My sisters have taken this paper for quite a long time. I live two and a half miles from school. The name of our school is Sandhill. I am fifteen years old and in grade seven. I play the violin. I have a Shetland pony five years old and I ride her to school. Everybody admires Birdy. She has won all the races in our school district. Would you kindly put my letter in print and also send me one of your beautiful Rainbow buttons? Would some boy or girl write to me? I will close wishing the editor and members good-night. I am, your new member,

CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

Clymont, Alberta.

Birdy must be a lovely little pony. Farmer is particularly fond of Shetland ponies, especially "fast" ones like yours. Do you sometimes play the violin at concerts? I am glad to know that you are interested in music, and hope you will keep up your practice. Watch the various letters from time to time and you will find plenty of boys and girls who are anxious to correspond, some of them really interesting.

—FARMER.

A Good Teacher

Dear Farmer—I would like to join your Rainbow club. Will you please send me a Rainbow button? I am twelve years old and in grade five. I have one mile to walk to school. I love going to school. I have three brothers and no sisters. My eldest brother is nineteen and the youngest thirteen. He comes to school with me. We have a very good teacher. His name is Mr. Druitt. The name of our school is Base. I must close now, as my letter is getting long. I would like to see my letter in print and get a button. Your member.

FLORENCE ROBERGE.

Coal Valley, Alberta.

I'll bet you are a brilliant student Florence, when you are so fond of your school work. I have a suspicion that you could sit down and write a real nice story, too, and so Farmer will be looking through each mail until one comes. I expect you enjoyed the story I published recently, written by Mabel Kelley. She is one of our outstanding authoresses.—FARMER.

Teddy Pulls Sleigh

Dear Farmer:

I am writing to ask you to send me one of your beautiful buttons. I wrote you a letter before, but didn't get a button. Would you please send one for my brother, Donnie? I am ten years old and in grade four. My brother is 12 years old and in grade seven. I have a dog named Teddy. Sometimes he pulls a sleigh for me. I will close now. Yours truly,

BERTIE SUTHERLAND.

Fallis, Alberta.

Farmer thinks Bertie and Donnie are two mighty nice names, and I will be pleased to have you both Rainbows in our wonderful club, provided, of course, that you are both not only willing, but anxious to make others happy around you. Teddy must be a regular playmate for you boys, and the long hours must drag by until 4 o'clock, when you return from school. Does he sometimes keep you company to and from school? Have you done much reading lately, Bertie? It is certainly a pleasant way to spend these dark evenings, but boys, as a rule, would far rather be playing outside—and there is nothing better for you.—FARMER.

Learning to Skate

Dear Farmer:

This is my first letter to your Rainbow club. I am ten years old and in grade five. There is a creek running through our farm and we have great fun there in the summer. One day my friend Robert and I went fishing. We were skating a little while ago. I cannot skate very well. I only go about two rods and fall about four times. The lake is not far from our school. The snow is eight inches deep here, and it is cold, too. My father takes us to school with the horses. It is two and a half miles. When our holidays come I am going to make a sleigh and invite my friends to come and have some fun. Please send me a pretty Rainbow button like I saw some of the boys had in our school. I will close now or it will be too long.

Your new members,

JOHN SKUBA.

Spedden, Alberta.

Welcome, little Rainbow John, and may your rays of sunshine spread to all corners of the globe. Don't be discouraged because you fall most of the time you are on the ice. All of us go through the same experience, and practice makes perfect, so they say. It is awfully nice that the lake is so near the school, and I suppose you spend a great part of your noon hour there. Did you get that sleigh finished. I know you had just heaps of fun, if you did.—FARMER.

Likes Bedtime Stories

Dear Farmer:

I read the Edmonton Journal every week and enjoy it very much. I like the bedtime stories best of all. I am going to school every day this winter, and enjoy it, too. I am ten years old and in grade four. My birthday is on March 3. I am staying with my sister and she has a radio, so I would like to hear my name called on my birthday. I have two nieces, named Mabel and Dorothy. Dorothy will be two years old on December 25, and Mabel will be four on May 5. For pets I have a cat and a calf. The cat's name is Flossy and the calf's is Beauty. I would like a button and also one for each of my nieces. I would like to see my letter in print. Your new member,

MARTHA RADKA.

Ferintosh, Alta.

I will surely try and remember to call your name on March 3, Martha, when you will be celebrating your birthday. I suppose your little neice was named after you, and you should have arranged to have had your birthdays closer together, so that you could have had a double party. And Dorothy was born on December 25—quite a Christmas present, wasn't she. How is the school work getting along?

JUNGLE JINGLES
The tiger is a vicious beast,
He almost makes you quail,
Perhaps he has those awful stripes
Because he's been in jail!

The Blind Child's Bird

By Rainbow Donalda Campbell

Though I'm blind and cannot see;
Everyone is kind to me,
But I'm happy all day long,
When I hear my bird's sweet song.

All day long he sits by me,
Sometimes perched upon my knee,
And he sings with all his might;
Turning darkness into light.

He sings before I go to sleep,
His song then is soft, "peep, peep,"
But when dawns the morning light;
Again he sings with all his might.

Though he cannot speak to me
Though he's very small and wee
Still I love him and I find
He sings to me because I'm blind.

Pretty well, I would say, when you have put in such regular attendance.—FARMER.

A Baby Sister

Dear Farmer—I wish to become a member of your club. I go to school and am in grade three. I am nine years old. Will you please send me a button and also one for my little brother? I have two brothers and one sister. My sister is nine months old. I have been reading the letters for a long time. For pets I have one little kitten named Patches. I have a dog named Bob. We have eight little pigs. I will be ten years old on March 1. I think I will close now, so the other members will have some room.

Your new member,

DORIS TYNDALL.

Box 34, Erskine, Alta.

Since you read the Rainbow letters every week, you will no doubt have noticed how many new members have joined the club during the past few months. It is amazing to me where all the boys and girls come from, and it certainly keeps me so busy to see that they all get their buttons, and have their letters answered. How would you like to be Farmer's assistant for a while? I am sure there is plenty of work for both of us.—FARMER.

A Wild Calf

Dear Farmer—It is a long time since I have written to you. I got my button a long time ago. We have a wild calf and we got it in the stable tonight. We had a red and white calf that went away. It had a hole in its ear. I hope to see this letter in print.

Your new member,

BILLY HOPKINS.

Duffield, Alta.

If I happen to come across a stray calf roaming the fields, with a hole in its ear, I will know it is yours Billy, and will see just how good I am at roping it. It doesn't take them long to acquire wild habits when they are free for a while, does it. Did you have much trouble getting Mr. Calf in the barn? Let's just see how long you can keep your first Rainbow button, shall we Billy?—FARMER.

Lost a Calf

Dear Farmer—I would like to become a member of your Rainbow club and would like a button. I am glad to write to you. I will be nine years old this winter. We have lost one of our calves and have looked all over for it, but cannot find it. It is red and white. I hope to see this letter in print. I will close now.

Your new member,

EDGAR HOPKINS.

Duffield, Alta.

You should have told Farmer just when your birthday is Edgar, so that I could have had your name published in the birthday column. Billy was telling me about losing the calf. I hope you have found it long before this, because it would be kind of cold for the poor little fellow, wouldn't it? It's even cold for us when we go out, and we are generally bundled up, till only our eyes are visible.—FARMER.

Went to Scotland

Dear Farmer—I am in grade four at the Flagstaff school and I like reading best. We are having cold weather here now. I would like to see my letter in the Post Office box. Our teacher is from Edmonton and we like her fine. I had a trip to Scotland last winter, and had a dandy time.

Your friend,

CHRISTINA GEDDES.

Alliance, Alberta.

* * *

Joined Red Cross

Dear Farmer—I have been a silent reader of your club for some time, and wish to join now. I am fourteen years of age and I am in grade eight. Flagstaff school, which I am attending, took part in the public speaking contest and was successful in winning three of the prizes. There are 26 pupils going to our school and we have fine times together. W put on a Christmas concert on the twenty-second of December. We have also organized a Red Cross branch at our school in which we are all interested.

Your future member,

ADA CHARBONNEAU.

Alliance, Alberta.

* * *

Won Speaking Contest

Dear Farmer—I thought I would like to join your Rainbow club, to correspond with anyone who wishes to write to me. I go to Flogstaff school which is situated eleven miles out of Alliance. There are 26 pupils going to this school and I am in grade seven. The subject I like best is Art. I got first prize in a speaking contest which we held, and another boy in my class, Jim Egbert, got second prize. I would like you to send me a Rainbow button.

Yours truly,

ROY ROHRABAUGH.

Alliance, Alberta.

* * *

School Did Well

Dear Farmer—I thought I would write and tell you about our school. There are 16 pupils. I am in grade seven and my best subject is arithmetic. Our school got three prizes, two firsts and one second. I would like to join your club and get a pretty button.

Your friend,

KENNETH GEDDES.

Alliance, Alberta.

* * *

Eileen Charbonneau; Johanna McPherson; Pearlie Geddes; Carma Bowen; Willard Egbert; Helen Munro; John Rohrabaugh; Arley Smith and Robert Munro.

* * *

Needless to say Farmer got quite a surprise to find so many letters from the Alliance school children, and he is just going to write one answer for all of them this time, and send each a button. The teacher must be very proud to think that her pupils did so awfully well in the speaking contest, and Farmer is proud of you too. The Junior Red Cross is doing wonderful work in the province and I am glad that you have formed a branch. I suppose you will be having a Valentine's box, and I hope that you all get many lovely valentines.

—FARMER.

Calf Hauls Water

Dear Farmer—I would like a Rainbow button. My cousin Eva Hay is writing too. I am twelve years old and in grade six. My brother has a calf named Blacky. We named him that because he is all black. He pulls us on the sleigh and hauls water. We have a harness for him. I have one sister and two brothers. Dad and mother are listening on the radio. I hope I will see this letter in the paper.

Your new member,

IRENE YOUNG.

Ryley, Alberta.

I was sorry that I did not have room to print Eva's letter this time Irene, but will make sure that her next one finds a place on our Rainbow page. Needless to say I am delighted to have you join the club, and hope that you will both find time to write us an occasional story. Blacky is a pretty smart calf to be trained to haul water, don't you think. It seems almost too bad that he has to grow up at all.—FARMER.

A Mean Cat

Dear Farmer—I am going to write to you again. I have written to you before, but did not see my letter in print. I suppose you did not have room for it. I haven't got a badge and I hope you will send me one. For pets I have two cats. The youngest one is called Flossie, but I have no name for the oldest one as I do not like her. She is mean. I have four brothers, but no sisters. My two youngest brothers have the whooping cough. I am in grade six. I was eleven years old on January 8. I live two miles from school. I like going to school. We have a radio and listen quite often to your stories. Hoping to see my letter in print.

Your Rainbow,

IRENE GRETTUM.

Okaton, Alberta.

I am sure you must realize how impossible it is for Farmer to publish every letter he receives Irene, and I do try not to miss two in succession. Does Flossie have a hard time betting along with the old cat too? It's rather strange, I think, that some cats are so lovable, and others have such horrid dispositions, I know so many kiddies that have whooping cough just now. I hope your young brothers have only mild attacks.—FARMER.

Has Whooping Cough

Dear Farmer—I am going to write to your club as I would like to join. I am seven years old and in grade two. I have the whooping cough, so I have to stay home from school. I do some school work at home, so I will not get behind in my work. There is another child in my grade that has the whooping cough, too. I have no pets. I sent my birthday in last year and I heard it over the radio. I hope you will send me a button. This is all I have to tell you.

Your new Rainbow.

CLARENCE GRETTUM.

Okaton, Alberta.

Irene was telling me that you had the whooping cough Clarence, and I was hoping that by this time, you would be pretty well over it. It hangs on just as long as it can, doesn't it? If your birthday was sent in last year, I would keep it Clarence, and send you greetings again, when the day arrives. Have you had your name entered in the Fairy's book yet?

—FARMER.

Practice for Festival

Dear Farmer—Indeed it has been a long time since I have written to the Rainbow page and I sincerely hope I have not been forgotten.

I sent in a poem for the Rainbow page at Christmas time and saw it in print. I am enclosing another one, which I hope will have the same success.

Quite a number of the girls and boys in our room at school have been picked to try in the chorus for the Musical festival. It means lots of hard work but it's worth trying for.

Drawing my letter to a close, I remain, Farmer,

Yours sincerely,

DONALDA CAMPBELL.

It was awfully nice to hear from you again, Donalda, and to find the nice little poem and story you enclosed. The sentiments expressed in them were beautiful, and I only wish that some of the other Rainbows would get busy and show us that they are still able to write, too. As a matter of fact I think it would be a good idea if one week they all wrote a story instead of a letter, for I really get too many letters to publish. Nothing really worth while is ever won without real hard work, is it Donalda? Here's wishing that you are successful in winning the cup at the festival.—FARMER.

Found Birthday Present

Dear Farmer—I am going to tell you what I got for my birthday. I found a ring with an opal in it. I like it very much. I had a birthday party and had eleven little guests and my teacher. I got a present for every year of my age. I have a sister Bernice. She is eleven years old. I have a little brother Kenneth who is nine months old. I have a little white pony named Dickey. He is a good horse and I ride him to school. I am coming to see you some day. I have a goat that I hook to the sleigh in the winter time. I am going to feed a calf for the spring show. Tell some of your members to write to me. I guess I will close now. Put my name in the paper.

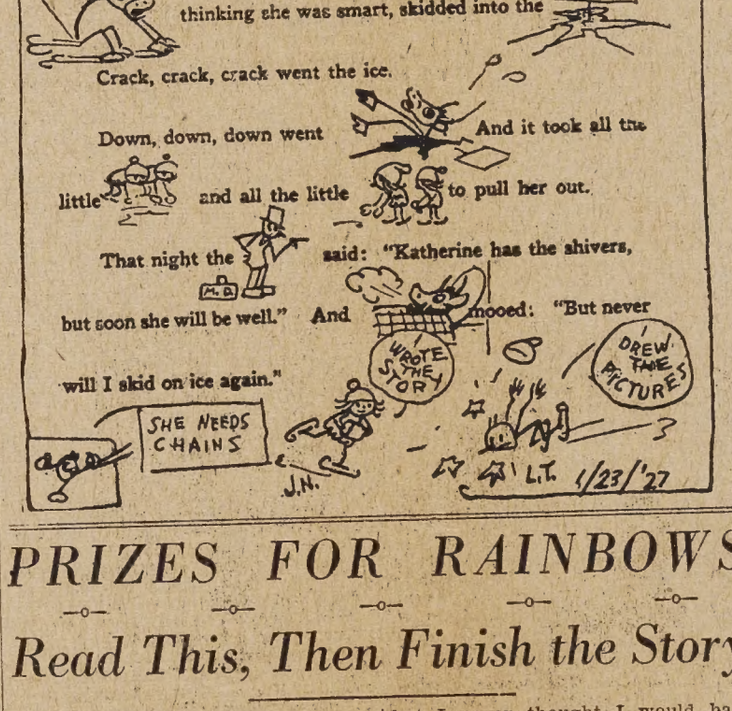
Yours truly,

ALICE SWIFT.

Viking, Alberta.

What a wonderful birthday gift you found Alice, and Farmer is so glad that the fairies tipped him off, so that he was able to tell you where it was hidden. Just imagine getting all those presents. Did your friends and teacher hear the greetings which were sent over the radio? There are a number of Rainbows who have pet goats, which they hitch to their sleighs in the winter time. What do you call yours? Farmer wishes you all kinds of luck with the calf you intend to feed for the show. Let me know if you win a prize, won't you?

—FARMER.


Katherine the Komical Kow.
By June Norris
Every day Katherine the Komical Kow would hoof it down
to the lake to watch the and skate.
"Moo, I wish I were a skater," thought her
hoofs itching to be gliding o'er the ice But instead she
cuddled up to the the boys had built on the shore.
"But I need exercise," thought "I'll at
least take a walk on the ice." But who can walk on ice?
took a nice slide instead, while all the
and girls laughed merrily at her.
But being a cow, could not read She took
a grand slide near the sign that said: DANGER! THIN ICE!
Oh, Katherine, come away," called the little
"Oh, cow, you'll get wet," called the little boys. But
DANGER
thinking she was smart, skidded into the
Crack, crack, crack went the ice.
Down, down, down went And it took all the
little and all the little to pull her out.
That night the said: "Katherine has the shivers,
but soon she will be well." And mooed: "But never
will I skid on ice again."
I WROTE THE STORY
I DREW THE PICTURES
SHE NEEDS CHAINS
J.N.
L.T. 1/23/'27

PRIZES FOR RAINBOWS

Read This, Then Finish the Story

TEMPTATION

DORIS was riding her pony home from school. "Purpy-ty-putt! Purpy-ty-putt!" went the horse's hoofs on the hard road. "Fiddle-de-dee! Fiddle-de-dee! The fly has married the bumble bee!" sang Doris, keeping time with the pony's feet.

Doris was ten years old, so the radio announcer had declared "over-the-air," and her heart was light and gay as she rode and sang on her way home from school.

Far back on the road a big touring car's purring was heard; the purr increased to a fast approaching roar, and Doris reined the pony to the grassy strip alongside the road and halted him there.

The big car slowed down as it passed, Doris caught a glimpse of a richly dressed man and woman on the front seat, and the beautiful little girl sitting on the woman's lap. The little girl leaned toward Doris and gave her a quick little smile of greeting, and threw her a kiss. From her hand flew a gleaming something that fell in the grass a short distance ahead of the pony.

Down the road the big car sped, and again the engine roared full speed ahead.

A short search in the grass where the gleaming object had fallen, and Doris gave a little gasping "Oh!" as she held up a beautiful diamond ring. "Oh! Oh!" again exclaimed Doris as she slipped the ring on her third finger, "It just fits my finger, and I've wanted a ring ever so long, but I never thought I would have one so beautiful as this."

(Unfinished.)

Now boys and girls you go on and finish the story yourself, and when completed send it in to the Farmer, care of the Journal, Edmonton, Alta.

What happened?

Did the ring bring good luck, or bad luck?

Did Doris ride home and tell her mama how she got the ring?

Was the little girl in the car a fairy, a good fairy, or a bad fairy?

Did the car come back, the little girl having discovered her loss?

Did the little girl purposely throw the ring out of the car, to see what Doris would do?

Was there some way for Doris to quickly let the loser know she had found the ring?

The Edmonton Journal will give a fine pearl necklace for the best finish to the above story, by a girl 16 years of age, or under, living in Edmonton, also one to a girl not over 16, living outside of Edmonton; and, to two boys, under the same conditions, the prize will be a splendid two-bladed jack-knife.

This contest is intended for members of the Farmer's Rainbow club, but is open to all children 10 years of age, or under, who wish to enter, and who send in their application for a Rainbow button and membership in the Rainbow club, at the same time they send their finish to the story. This contest closes March 5, 1927.

THIS CANADA OF OURS

By J. S. Morrison and Maude Morrison Stone (Copyright)

SAMUEL HEARNE STARTED FROM FORT PRINCE OF WALES WITH A HIGH HEART, THAT COLD NOVEMBER DAY, BUT AMONG THE INDIANS IN HIS BAND WAS ONE, CHAWCHINAHAW, THEIR LEADER, WHO DID NOT WISH THE WHITE MEN TO DISCOVER THE COPPER MINES.
SO HE SET HIMSELF TO THWART HEARNE IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY. HE LED THEM INTO CANADAS BARREN LANDS, THE INDIAN NAME WAS THE LAND OF "LITTLE STICKS" BECAUSE ONLY DWARF TREES GROW THERE.
FOOD IS SO SCA
LANDS THAT EV
AVOID IT WHAT
WAS, WAS FRIGH
INDIANS AT LA
AWOKE TO SEE
ALL THEY COULD
—HIS GUNS, PO
AND HATCHETS

May's Valentine Party

By Rainbow Betty Morrison

On Valentine's day May went to school, hoping that she would get a lot of valentines. When the time came for the valentines to be given out, she didn't receive one. She came home and told her mother how disappointed she was. Her mother told her to put on her best frock, and although May hadn't any idea what was about to happen, she immediately obeyed.

At 5 o'clock her school mates arrived for a valentine party. Each one brought her a pretty valentine. She was very surprised when the guests arrived, and still more so when they sat down to the wonderful tea mother had prepared. There was jelly, fruit, chocolate, pudding and a nice big cake. They played hide-and-go-seek, oranges and lemons and lots of nice games. When it was over May said it was the nicest party she had ever had.

The Hidden Treasure

By Rainbow Margaret Newman

We had heard of the treasure from an old sea captain, and were to set out that afternoon by the aid of the captain. We were on the ship and we were sailing toward the island. After a month and two days we reached the island and we decided to pitch our tents about fifty yards from the shore. As soon as we pitched our tents we ate supper. Our gang went to bed and dreamed of the treasure. In the morning we set out to see if there was any track of the treasure. We went through a thick forest, then we came to an open space where we saw water and diving birds at the edge of a brook. We were about to turn back when we met an old man, named Bimbo. Bimbo asked us what we had come to the lonely island for. We answered promptly, "The Hidden Treasure." Then Bimbo asked us for a safe trip home. We said we would if he would show us the hidden treasure. Then he took us through a gloomy pine path. When we came to his small cave, which was his home, he gave us some duck meat. He then took us to another cave at the other side of the island where we found the hidden treasure of many jewels. We thanked Bimbo very much. Then we went to our tents and took them down, before boarding the ship. There we stored the treasure in the cabin, and with Bimbo, set a-sail for home.

Alberta Days

By P. J. G.

Alberta

Great semi-globe of blue enclosing
Puny earth with soft embrace.
Horizons ever receding to infinitude,
As does man's life recede.
Sunsets matchless—tonight, subdued
In purple moss flowering in shades
Of mauve and gold—
Tomorrow, vibrant, hurtful in brilliance
But all beautiful, all vital, these sunsets,
Prophetic as expectant mother
Each of its own young day,
To be new-born beneath
The brooding breast of night.
Northern night sky-court of Polaris,
Brilliant with his satellite retainers
Clothed in slumbrous blue of ocean depths.
Flowers. Snapdragons. Asters.
Clusters of mauves and purples.
All shades of purple. Wild flowers.
Garden flowers. Wayside flowers.
Noxious flowers. Perfumed flowers.
But almost always purple flowers.

* * *

Banff

The Great Gardener dropped His
Mauve seeds near the foothills—
And scattered poppies in the mountains.
Banff poppies! Growing on the hillside
Under pine trees, some watered
With mist of whirling water
Of the Bow Falls.
Pines of the Rockies. Wise trees!
Growing in valleys and on hillsides
Reaching eternally upward toward Light
And having straight trunks and straight hearts
As a reward. Sheltering pathways
Cone-carpeted. Steep paths with
Rustic seats where old men rest
And young men love; each with
Fast-beating heart for different reason.
Tumbling waters with laughter
Wearing down the hostile frown of
Mountains. Soldier mountains uniformed
In green with white busbies.
Mother mountains crouching in watchful vigilance
Near their young. All guarding, what?
Eternal verities, perhaps, from human spoiling.
Human forms and scoffing humans
At the swimming pool.
Flash of sunkissed bodies
In clear water. Giggle of
Inconsequent youth, but the
Joyous freedom of youth also.
Winding roads down steep inclines,
Toll gate on the roadside, and
Sweet milk from hardy kine.

* * *

Sept 28/1929

En Route

Long roads of gravel. Waving
Fields of wheat and oats and rye.
Man helping God to feed the multitude.
Horses in groups, velvet brown neck
Over velvet black back, whispering
To each other; communing, drawing
Each from other counsel for the days task,
Like ancient eldermen or modern conference.
Tiny colts, wobbly, uncouth, helpless
As babes, drawing nectar from mares' teats;
Trotting docilely or lying with
Full bellies sleeping on the green.
Cows ruminating. Sheep with
Sparse pelt from the spring clipping
Followed by fluffy lambs.
Road winding towards elevators
That mark the town's importance.
False front stores. Native sons
On Indian reserves. Papooses
Unconscious of noble heritage gone to seed.

* * *

Edmonton at Night

A city at night, lights stretching afar.
Wide-flung as if its builders
Were extravagant of space.
Lights glinting on swift-moving river
And running up hillsides.
A crawling street car like an
Illuminated caterpillar traversing
A bridge and flashing its light
In defiance on the river far beneath.
A chateau limned against the night sky
With twinkling windows belieing
The austerity of its turrets.
Lovers in the park at moonlight feeling
The nearness of God in the
Nearness of the other.

* * *

Jasper

Lac Beauvert! Crystal clear
Mirror in which the mountains view
Their raiment.
Mild-eyed deer, curious but unafraid
Of their fellow-animals, humans,
Pausing to watch and with tail aloft
Running fleetly to show their
Superiority to puny man.
Beavers working in the river,
Shaping their homes with age-old artifice.
An owl, with heavy lids, resting
On tree trunk, closing his
Eyes, unwisely, to God's sunlight.
Chipmunks gathering nuts and
Nibbling pine cones; burying
Sweetmeats today for the
Need of the morrow.
Ranges of mountains bursting
Through midway clouds, eternal
Sunshine soothing snow-capped brow.
Tiny cabins nestling in rows
At the giant mountain's feet,
Like play-blocks, thrown aside
By fretful child.
Totems that tell of brave deeds,
Traditions of great tribes—
Symbols viewed by great men to whom
Will come equal eclipse and equal obscurity.
Tourists buying souvenirs,
One has bought a jug—for what purpose?
What tales will be told of hairbreadth escapes
When the pictures of bears are
Brought forth "in the States"?
And over all the lightsome heart
Of altitude, the scent of growing things.
The tonic of brisk walks and
Tingling cool waters. Sky,
Peaks, lakes and rivers in perfect symphony.

* * *

L'Envoi

God's love call sounds in the beauties
Of mountains, and water and field
In night or the stars or the sunset
In flowers, in bounteous yield;
The scent of the pines and the rustle
Of animal life in the wild;
The swift-flowing flood of the river;
The care of a mare for her child;
The song of a bird in the twilight;
The soft, cooling wind from above,
But some, like the owl in the noontime,
Are blind to these calls of God's love.
There's nothing on earth that can mar them
These things are eternal—will last,
For true love is always eternal
As God's for the world that He cast.

WESTERN DIVISION. August 19th, 1939.

CROP REPORT

Based on Agents' Reports for the Week Ending August 17th.

DISTRICT NO. 1. Weather - mostly clear and warm. Precipitation - nil. Growth and Development - grain maturing rapidly and yields better than expected. Harvesting general. Damage - no further damage. General Conditions - fair.

DISTRICT NO. 2. Weather - clear and warm. Precipitation - nil. Growth and Development - grain maturing rapidly; harvesting will be general next week. Damage - no further damage. General Conditions - fair.

DISTRICT NO. 3. No Elevators.

DISTRICT NO. 4. Weather - mostly clear and warm, partly windy. Precipitation - practically nil. Growth and Development - cutting approximately 10% - small percentage combining. Harvest will be general first of next week. Damage - no additional damage. General Conditions - majority reports indicate that the few threshing returns available slightly better than expected. Fair.

DISTRICT NO. 5. Weather - clear and hot. Precipitation - nil. Growth and Development - some districts have deteriorated further but most of it is filling and standing the heat well. Damage - Munson root rot 10%. Hail damage slight Wayne and Beynon. Some heat damage. General Conditions - fairly good. Estimated Yields - east side of the district 15 bushels, west of the district 25 bushels. 5% cut.

DISTRICT NO. 6. Weather - clear and warm. Precipitation - nil. Growth and Development - grain maturing nicely as a result of the warm weather. Harvesting will commence next week. Damage - no further damage. General Conditions - fairly good.

DISTRICT NO. 7. Weather - clear and warm. Precipitation - nil. Growth and Development - grain ripening fast on account of heat and in some districts yield will be reduced. Coarse grains suffering most. Cutting general east side of the district. Cutting barley started west side. Damage - slight cut worm damage at Irma. Slight damage Lougheed, Hardisty, Amisk, Alliance. General Conditions - fair. Estimated Yields--east side of the district 15 bushels, west side 20 bushels. 5% cut.

DISTRICT NO. 8. Weather - clear and warm to hot. Precipitation - nil. Growth and Development - crops ripening fast. Wheat may show some heat damage but is filling well. Coarse grains show heat damage and yield will be reduced considerably. Damage - cut worm damage Ardley, Delburne. Slight hail damage Rosalind, Bowden, Ardley Olds, Edberg, New Norway, Prentiss, Kelsey 20%. General Conditions - fairly good. Estimated Yields - wheat 20 to 30 bushels, oats 40 bushels, barley 30 bushels. 5% cut.

DISTRICT NO. 9. Weather - clear and warm. Precipitation - nil. Growth and Development - grain maturing nicely as a result of the warm weather. Harvesting will be general the week of August 28th. Damage - nil. General Conditions - good.

"Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
Doing the things that no man can do."

Carbon Chronicle, September 30, 1943

Tall Tale

JUST ANOTHER TALL ONE

Grizzly Dan stories about the trained bear have caught the fancy of the younger generation, and here's one by a local 12-year-old that might be interesting.

Way back in 1873 I was going prospecting in the Rockies. I had four pack horses besides my saddle mare, and one night I unpacked the horses and hobbled them in a meadow. I enjoyed a nice supper of spuds, and trout that I had caught in a stream nearby. After that I went to bed.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by a blood-curdling roar of a grizzly. Then I saw two eyes looking at me. I wasn't afraid—I grabbed my lasso and roped her. She dragged me about six miles before I got her tamed down so I could ride her, and then we headed back for camp. On arriving I saw that another grizzly and three cubs had eaten up my grub, and all I salvaged of things was a box of prunes, my rifle and saddle.

It was just getting light so I went after my horses, but all I found was the remains of the saddle mare. The pack horses had vanished. I went back to camp, saddled up Jeanie (my bear) and started on my way. That afternoon I saw several elk playing on a peak. I needed meat, but on looking for my buck-shot, I found it gone. So I chewed on a prune and loaded up the old muzzle loader with the prune stone, took careful aim and hit a young bull in the neck. He dropped like a rock. We had a good feed that night, and a rare treat. The meat was deliciously flavored like prunes. Jeannie agreed with me.

vented his photographing Byrd.

CANADA'S UNOFFICIAL LAUREATE WRITES POEM ON DOMINION DAY

OTTAWA, July 2.—The following poem, entitled "Dominion Day, 1927," written by Bliss Carman, eminent Canadian poet, was dramatically read yesterday by Miss Margaret Anglin, famous Canadian actress, on Parliament Hill. Miss Anglin is a daughter of a former Speaker of the House of Commons.

From Grand Pre with its brimming tides
And orchards on every hand,
To our western gate on Georgia Strait
Where wondrous mountains stand,
Whether bred to the sea or the hills or the plains,
We are born to one sacred land.

Our freedom we brought from Runnymede,
Our blood from Senlac Hill,
The heritage of our fathers' faith,
Good heart, and steadfast will
To receive and uphold the living word—
These are our watchwords still.

The din of nations on the march
Resounds. We wait the voice
That shall in quietude and peace
Proclaim the mightier choice—
The reign of brotherhood wherein
The man's God may rejoice.

On Saturday, July 9, a train will leave here at 1:40 p.m. and arrive Banff at 4:10 p.m. This train will continue on Saturdays until September 3.

CROWD HEARS DR. PRICE

St. Paul's United Church was crowded to capacity Wednesday evening to hear Evangelist Dr. Charles Price. Chairs had to be brought in to accommodate the extras. In addition to Dr. Price, his father made an address. No invitation was given out. The party of eight left for Winnipeg, where Dr. Price is to preach Sunday. From there they go to New York, from which point Dr. Price's father and uncle sail for England. The doctor expects to call at Calgary on his return trip, and will hold some meetings.

CATARRH of BLADDER

Pain Easily Relieved by
Santal Midy

Refuse any Imitation
Look for the word "MIDY"
Sold by All Druggists

play; probably [illegible] is the one that catches the stranger. To suddenly drop into an old western town, as some of them must sure ythink they are doing, is an experience that does not come to them every day. At this early date 50 merchants have promised to erect the slab fronts; three times as many as last year. The competitions and special features will reproduce the pioneer days of long ago, and will give visitors an idea of how Alberta citizens co-operate in providing unusual entertainment fo rtheir guests. On Tuesday and Thursday mornings of Stampede, Eighth Avenue from First Street East to Second Street West, and First Street West from Seventh to Eighth Avenues, will look like the Calgary of 40 years ago, filled with chuck wagons, Indians, pioneers, all good-naturedly trying to see who can do their stunt the best. Hundreds of photographs will be taken each morning. The western street display is one of the most talked-of features among visitors from a distance, because few progressive cities in this age can secure the co-operation that will bar automobiles from the main business section during the biggest week of the year, but this actually happens at

DEATH REMOVES DOMINION'S GREATEST AND OLDEST POET; DR. CHARLES MAIR PASSES

Published First Book of Verse Just One Year After Confederation; Captured by Riel; Played Big Part in the Early Days in the West

VICTORIA, B.C., July 8.—Charles Mair, the dominion's oldest poet, and exponent of a sturdy Canadianism, died at the Jubilee hospital yesterday in his 87th year.

Mr. Mair was born in Lanark, Ont., educated at Perth grammar school and Queen's University, Kingston. He studied medicine, and also engaged in trade before he entered upon his literary career.

He suffered a severe loss during the first Riel rebellion, in which he was active, by the destruction by the rebels of many valuable manuscripts belonging to him, and he was imprisoned and sentenced to be shot by Louis Riel. He served throughout the Riel rebellion in the northwest territory as a medical officer. Afterward he came to the Okanagan country in British Columbia, where he engaged in ranching, but went to Prince Albert, Sask., in 1896, and subsequently moved to Lethbridge, Alta., where he became an officer in the dominion service. He was one of the first to organize the Canada First party in 1870. He was from 1876 a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

In the passing of Dr. Charles Mair Canada loses one of her greatest and oldest poets. He may rightly be termed Canada's first poet, as his volume "Dreamland and Other Poems" was published in 1868, one year after confederation. This collection of some 33 poems is the first attempt of a Canadian to deal with Canadian nature themes, after the manner of Keats and other classic poets, thus originating the Canadian nature school of verse. His greatest work "Tecumseh," a native drama, and one still unrivalled in Canadian literature, was published in 1886.

In addition to being a Canadian poet and writer of distinction, he was one of the greatest prairie pioneers, and played an important part in the colonization and settlement of the western provinces.

Came West in 1868

He came to Red River in 1868, at the instigation of the "Canada First Association," a group of earnest young men filled with the responsibility that Canada had just been born a nation. At their urging, he accepted the appointment of paymaster of the first emigrant road offered to him by Hon. William McDougall, the first minister of public works, who had a vision of connecting the east with Prince Rupert's Land, which had just become a part of Canada by the British North America act, by the building of a road which would, by a chain of lakes and rivers link up with Lake Superior. His primary motive in coming west was not the road appointment, but the opportunity it afforded to get firsthand information of the then great unknown land and make this known through the best available eastern newspapers of that day.

During the winter of '68 Charles Mair worked on the road, operations being started 30 miles east of Winnipeg. At this time the half-breeds became restless. They had not been consulted in the transference of the government of the country from the Hudson's Bay company and they became fearful for their rights, for under the Hudson's Bay surveys they held leaseholds for their farms. This restlessness was played upon by Louis Riel and ultimately resulted in the first Riel rebellion in 1869.

During this time the poet-colonizer wrote diligently. The letters from the "Red River correspondent" aroused the greatest interest in eastern Canada and although the outbreak of the Riel rebellion put an end to them, this was not before they had stimulated, if not originated, the first important emigration of British-Canadians to the prairies.

Captured by Riel

In 1869 in Winnipeg he married Elizabeth Louise, daughter of the late Augustus Mackenny, of Amherstburg, Ont., and a niece of the late Sir John Schultz, one of Manitoba's governors. That year by a sudden coup the rebels under Louis Riel captured Fort Garry. On returning from their honeymoon Mair and his wife, and Dr. (later Sir John) Schultz and others gathered at the latter's house in an effort to protect the government stores. With the rebels in possession of the nine-pounder gun and most of the small arms of the country defense was useless, however, and the members of the little party were compelled to surrender to the halfbreeds. They were thrown into Fort Garry where they were confined for weeks. Mair was fellow-prisoner with Thomas Scott, who was brutally murdered on March 4, 1870, by order of Riel, this murder being one of the crimes for which Riel paid the penalty with his own life 15 years later.

Mrs. Mair was allowed to leave the fort, but it was believed that Mair, Schultz and other influential prisoners had been singled out for execution. Death at the hands of the Indian captors, however, did not lie within the calculations of Mair and Schultz. Along with other prisoners they effected their escape on a bitterly cold night.

Mair and Schultz made their way over the frozen plains to eastern Canada. Here they addressed large public meetings, thus arousing public opinion to an extent that resulted in the dominion government sending Lord Wolseley's expedition of 1870, which quelled the rebellion and saved the west for Canada.

Lost Manuscripts

Although both Mr. and Mrs. Mair were successful in escaping from Riel's rebels, yet they suffered an irreparable loss in valuable manuscripts, which Charles Mair had taken west to revise and prepare for publication, and which he was unable to restore from memory.

Later Mair returned to Portage la Prairie and moved thence to Prince Albert, where he engaged in the fur trade. But as early as 1882 Mair foresaw that a second rebellion was inevitable unless remedial measures were taken by the government. Ottawa was 2,000 miles away, and much of the journey had to be made by rough prairie trail, but Mair made the trip and pleaded with Sir John MacDonald, then

premier, and Sir David Macpherson, minister of the interior, to make concessions to the Indians to avert bloodshed and conserve the prairie settlements. He got an attentive hearing, but no action followed.

Filled with anxiety over the situation, Mair again journeyed to Ottawa less than a year later. On this occasion he headed a deputation from Prince Albert. In a vain attempt to convince the government of the seriousness of the situation he made two additional trips, but without result. So convinced was he of the imminent revolt that he brought his family to Windsor, Ont., and returned to Prince Albert and closed out his business. It was in the interval at Windsor that Mair found time to write his great drama "Tecumseh."

Served as Quartermaster

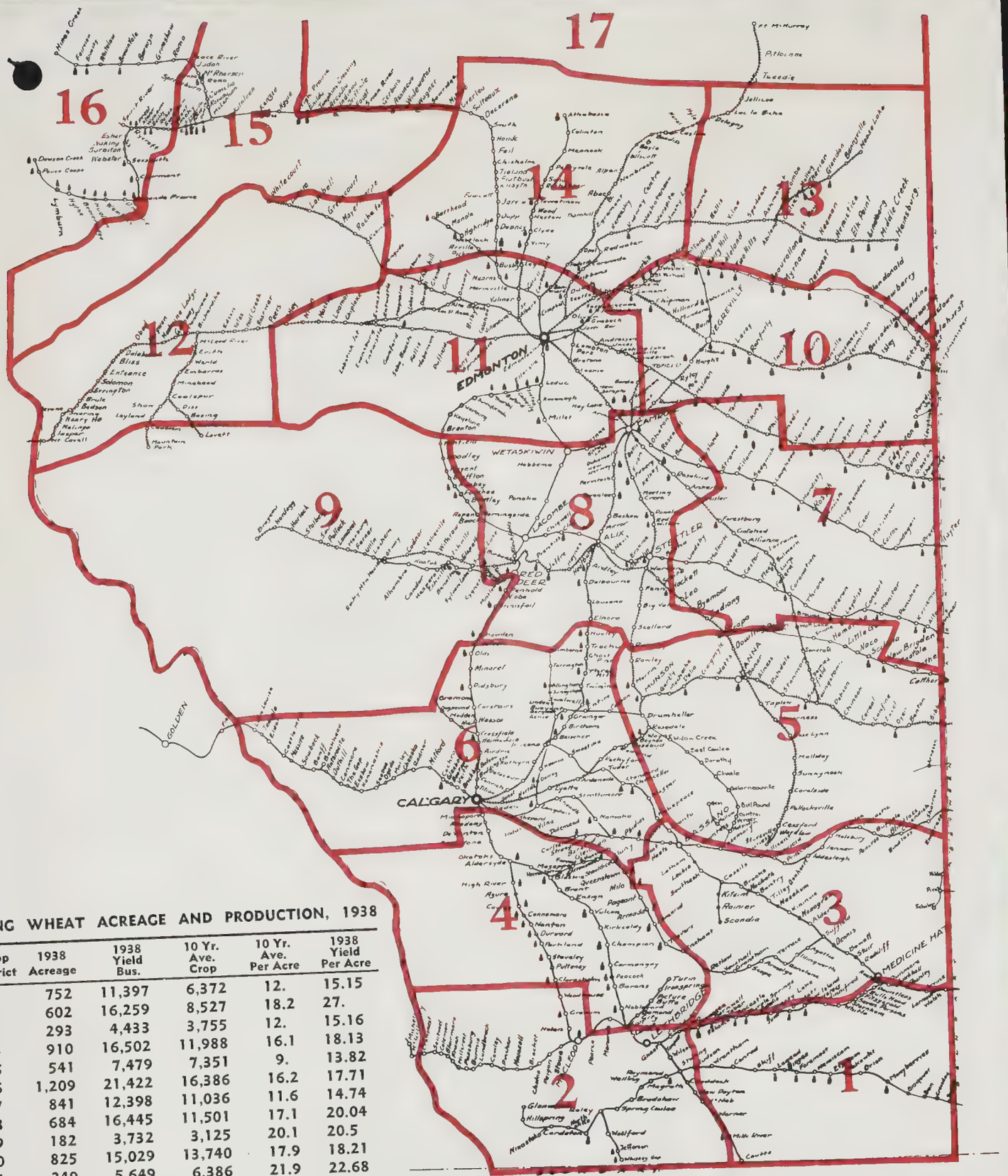
In 1885, when the second Riel rebellion broke out, Mair promptly enlisted and served as quartermaster in the Governor General's Body Guards commanded by the late Col. George Taylor Dennison.

Afterwards he removed to Kelowna, B.C., of which he was one of the founders. Subsequently he joined the immigration service at Winnipeg, and was later in the interests of this work transferred to Lethbridge and Coutts, and was relieving officer at Fort Steele, B.C. In 1899 he was English secretary to the Scrip Commission, which concluded the Peace River treaty with the Indians of the north. His book, "Through the Mackenzie Basin," gives an interesting account of this.

During the latter part of his life he resided with his daughter, Mrs. E. J. Cann, of Calgary, but in 1924 he removed to Victoria and was a patient in the Fairfield Nursing Home until shortly before his death.

In 1924 the degree of doctor of philosophy was conferred on him by his alma mater, Queen's University.

Charles Mair was the son of the late James Mair, a native of Scotland, one of the pioneers of the old square timber trade in the Ottawa valley, and Margaret (Holmes) Mair, being born in Lanark, Ont., in September, 1838. He was educated in the Perth Grammar school and at Queen's University.



SPRING WHEAT ACREAGE AND PRODUCTION, 1938

Crop District	1938 Acreage	1938 Yield Bus.	10 Yr. Ave. Crop	10 Yr. Ave. Per Acre	1938 Yield Per Acre
1	752	11,397	6,372	12.	15.15
2	602	16,259	8,527	18.2	27.
3	293	4,433	3,755	12.	15.16
4	910	16,502	11,988	16.1	18.13
5	541	7,479	7,351	9.	13.82
6	1,209	21,422	16,386	16.2	17.71
7	841	12,398	11,036	11.6	14.74
8	684	16,445	11,501	17.1	20.04
9	182	3,732	3,125	20.1	20.5
10	825	15,029	13,740	17.9	18.21
11	249	5,649	6,386	21.9	22.68
12	37	772	723	19.	20.86
13	188	2,646	3,064	20.2	14.07
14	269	4,290	5,550	20.7	15.94
15	69	1,144	1,132	22.3	16.57
16	300	3,103	6,581	22.2	10.34
17	18	300	142	23.1	16.66
TOTAL	7,969	143,000	117,359	15.6	17.95

000 Omitted

UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LTD.

ALBERTA ELEVATORS & CROP DISTRICT MAP

Son of Charles Mair Succumbs In Windsor, Ont.

WINDSOR, Ont., Sept. 9.—(C.P.)—Cecil Mair, 57, whose father, Charles Mair was considered Canada's first native poet, collapsed and died of heart disease on a Windsor street on Sunday. Mr Mair who worked at various times in Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver, was in the insurance business here.

Two sisters, Mrs. M. L. Crichton, Kelowna, B.C., and Mrs. Arthur Lucas, Sydney, Australia, are understood to be his only survivors.

His father, Charles Mair, author of the book "Tecumseh" in 1867-80, wrote the first letters describing the Red River settlement. He was paymaster of the first immigrant road connecting the east with the west. He received this appointment from Hon. William McDougall, the first governor of the North West Territories.

Sch 9 / 1935

Charles Mair is well known in Lethbridge. He was immigration agent at Lethbridge and Coutts about 30 years ago.

Gard, Robert

Dinner Marks International Night For Business, Professional Women

In conjunction with women in the business and professional world in 28 countries, the Canadian Business and Professional Women's club in Edmonton celebrated international night with a dinner Wednesday at the Corona hotel.

At tables gay with daffodils and green candles were seated more than 100 guests. Miss Jean McCallum, the president, was chairman. The program featured an address by Mr. Robert Gard, of the extension department, University of Alberta.

The evening was interspersed with piano numbers by Miss Geraldine Mason.

Seated at the head table with Miss McCallum and Mr. and Mrs. Gard were Mrs. W. Snebold, of Fort Worth, Texas, Miss Margaret Devlin, Miss Isabel MacMillan, Mrs. L. Cooper, Mrs. L. Law, Miss Margaret Thompson, Mrs. L. Young, and Mrs. A. Blakely.

Speaks On Folklore

Speaking on Alberta folklore and Alberta's place names, Mr. Gard said that folklore recognizes no boundaries and is transmitted from one people to another by the migration of peoples from one land to another and from one regon to another.

"Folklore, as a term," he said, "is one I regret the use of in its most scholary aspects, for folklore should be the most simple, natural, and everyday expression of the people, whether in song, tale, or humor, in fact, the unwritten literature of the folk."

He said that it was regrettable the term has come to mean the study of the material, perhaps even more than the material iself, and thus folklore has come to mean a study for the few. This is not good, for everyone should be familiar with the lore of its own region, not by reading books, but by hearing it told.

Urges Common Knowledge

Mr. Gard said that, because his work is with folklore in Alberta, he emphasized the common knowledge of the lore of the province, rather than the slow and scholarly notation in footnote after footnote, in article, and publication.

All the people of a region, he said, must be made conscious of their traditions, when everyone is singing, spinning yarns, recounting the tales of local heroes, defining the place names, when everyone has opened his eyes to the traditional treasures of his region, then, the scholars may begin, if they wish, to fix in a network of footnote and cross-reference the simple things the people know instinctively and have instinctively known for generations.

The original authors of the world's folklore are not known, he said, but it is likewise true that when folklore comes to be recorded it establishes a literature or literary trend of its own.

In referring to place names of Alberta with an international aspect, Mr. Gard said that one of the best examples was the name "Whoop-up," which is about eight miles from what is now Lethbridge. He said the American flag flew over this town for several years and no boundary line was recognized at that time. This, he said, is what occasioned the arrival of the mounted police in southern Alberta.

Tells of Rivers

Among the great Alberta rivers Mr. Gard mentioned were the Peace river, which was so named as a result of a peace pact between the Beaver and Slave Indians, and the Athabaska, which means "place where there are reeds."

Miss Margaret Thompson who spoke of international affairs told of a tea given by the International Federation Feb. 4 in New York at which Miss Hilda Hesson, president of the Canadian Federation, was a guest wth representatives of many overseas countries and American clubs.

She told of a candle-lighting ceremonial where 31 candles, representing the International Federation, and the 30 countries in which there had been affiliated organizations, were grouped upon the speakers' table. Seventeen of these candles were unlighted because war had suspended or driven underground the branches in as many countres. As the legend of the ceremonial was read, the candle f[illegible] France was relighted.

FOR
HER"
mas
Gift
RCLE
BAR
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Hosiery
at Your
Dealers

PROF E D CORBETT AMUSING STORIES

Entertains Rotarians With Running Series of Recollections on "Birds I Have Met"

Because Professor Corbett, who spoke here last week, had planned to address his public meeting on the hea vy subject of Peace and the Armament Industry, the talk which he gave earlier at the Rotarian supper was of a light and frivolous nature. His fund of amusing recollections was introduced under the title "Birds I have met," and the greatest pleasure of the evening was his recital of Drummond's poem on Madam Albani's return to her native Quebec. This is considered to be Drummond's best habitant poem, and Professor Corbett gave it again by request to his town hall audience.

Touching briefly on his own youthful experiences, the speaker said that his father was a Presbyterian minister whose strong convictions and forthright expressions of opinion resulted in frequent "moving on" from one congregation to another. Under such circumstances the young Corbetts saw life in Prince Edward Island, Boston and various parts of New Brunswick. Mr. Corbett senior was blessed with a very strong voice which, however, was quite unadapted for singing, so he took his sons along to the lumbering camp services to lead in the singing. This introduction to the life of the lumber camp was a never forgotten experience and it was then that Prof. Corbett was first introduced to the magnificent Paul Bunyan and Babe, his Blue Ox. This classic of the lumber camps is a real gem, but strangely enough is more familiar to the men of cow camps and lumber camps than to the literati. The speaker sketched a few of the triumphs of Paul Bunyan—just enough to whet Rotarian appetite for more.

Leaving the birds he had met in the lumber camps of his youth, Professor Corbett told of an episode which occurred in the northern part of the province entitled "the Perils (or pearls) of the North." On one occassion he had been lecturing in a little town where hotel accommodation was quite unequal to coping with sub-zero weather. Frost crept in at every corner. The train was booked to leave at 5 a.m. so in the bleak darkness the pilgrims from the hotel sped shivering to the train. Just as it was putting out a man leaped on. He was dishevelled and generally unbuttoned with everything flapping. But most curious of all, he carried under his arm a big white pitcher from the hotel. His fellow travellers gaped, and one said "What's the big idea, packing away the crockery." "I had to bring it" lisped the unfortunate, "my falth teeth are frothen into it."

Worth Trying

In a rural district of Scotland, one of the young men, though uneducated had a powerful gift for words and was in demand at Burns' dinners and even as a preacher. It was a poor district, but despite the evidences of want, the one rich man of the neighborhood did nothing to relieve poverty or help the church Finally he became very ill and remorseful, and on his death bed called in the young gillie to comfort him. "Div'e think," he asked "if I gave all my goods to the church, wad it recommend me to my Maker?" The young man sat torn between consideration for the relatives and relief for the church. At last he gave answer: "Well, I canna promise, but it wad be a most interesting experiment."

The Proper Time

An old lady was entertaining the visiting Right Reverend after a day of church services. She searched for the appropriate gesture of hospitality, finally saying "Wad ye hae a cup of tea, meenister?" The minister answered sternly "Wumman this is no occasion for tea." Again she tried "A cup of cocoa, meenister?" "Wumman this is no occasion for cocoa." After a long pause she asked again "Wad ye care for a wee Scotch and soda?" Frowning terribly the meenister turned upon her "Wumman this is no occasion for soda."

Infinite Maircy

In one part of Scotland, the men were evil doers, sheep stealers and very bad men. The minister warned them and warned them of eternal punishment to come unless they mended their ways. They went gaily ahead in the path of sin, and finally died—still in sin. As they were cast into the nethermost depths suffering and parched of tongue, they looked heavenward in petition, crying with one voice "Oh Lord, we didna ken, we didna ken." And the Lord in his infinite maircy said pleasantly "Weel, ye ken the noo."

Verra Foggy Night

In a murder trial taking place in Scotland an old man was called upon as a witness. He was reported to have seen the fleeing murderer through the fog and mist prevailing the night of the murder. His evidence was very conflicting as to the proportions of the escaping man. "It was a verra, verra foggy night, with veisibility verra poor. I canna tell ye the size o' the man nor if he was tall or if he was short. One time as I peered ahead he wad be a short man with a long flowing white beard and then again he wud be a tall man in kilts and 'twas a sporran instead of whiskers."

Compassion

Over in France the British troops were anxious to secure some German prisoner who could be persuaded to give information as to the strength of the German lines. They were successful in taking a German field officer and McTavish was detailed to escort the prisoner, to headquarters for examination. At last McTavish arrived. "Where is your prisoner" he was asked. "I haena got yon prisoner." "But why? Did he escape?" "No he didna rightly escape. It was this way. We were coming along and started a few words. I am frae Glescae and I found he had been in Glescae. He was a fine fellow, so we sitted down to talk. He had wife and bairns. I had wife and bairns. He was a fine fellow and I felt so verra verra sorry for him, I just had to kill him."

ALTA WHEAT POOL GOOD EARNINGS

Obligations to Gov't Paid Up, Interest Reduced, and Total Assets of $21,518,063

At the annual meeting of the Alberta Wheat Pool directors held in Calgary last week, R. D. Purdy, general manager presented his report.

The Alberta Wheat Pool has total assets of $21,518,063 against current liabilities of $5,131,680 and deferred liabilities of $6,478,500, it was shown by the auditors' report. The pool, the report showed, has a reserve from undistributed elevator earnings of $9,907,883.

Obligations to the Alberta government have been reduced by $350,000 with all interest paid up, and indebtedness on the Vancouver terminal elevator showed a marked decrease it being $450,000 as compared with $1,250,000 a year ago. During the year working capital increased approximately $293,377 from $3,8823,851 to $4,117,234.

Elevators

Alberta Pool Elevators showed a net earning of $78,029 on the handling of 25,863,209 bushels of grain during the year ended July 15, 1934, according to the annual report.

Operating earnings reached $877,517. After deduction of depreciation on all elevators totalling $524,496 and $274,990 interest paid to the province of Alberta on the 1929 overpayment, net earnings were placed in reserve.

439 Country Houses

Pool handlings which were less in 1933-34 by 21,000,000 bushels than the handlings from the 1932 crop.

In addition to the handlings through the elevators of 25,863,209 bushels, a total of 1,227,235 bushels was shipped to pool terminals over loading platforms. This gives a total handling of 27,090,444 bushels. The average handling per country house operated was 58,914 bushels.

The Pool elevator system includes 439 country houses. During the past summer elevators were built at Bretton, Hoadley, Conrad and Fort Kent and elevators were dismantled at Griesbach, Langley, Rowell and Therien.

Aid Distribution of Relief

At a number of points in the southern parts of Alberta where light crops were harvested in 1933 elevator service was maintained during the season for the purpose of assisting in the distribution of relief. Approximately 1,500 cars of various relief commodies were handled. The services of pool agents and facilities were extended without remuneration.

Princess Marina of Greece and the Duke of Kent were married under the ritual of the Greek Orthodox church. The practice service was performed on Tuesday before the King and Queen in the private chapel of the palace.

APPENINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Riley of Olds, were week end guests with Senator D. E. Riley.

Beautiful assortment of personal greeting cards for Christmas at amazingly low prices at the Times' office.

Mr. Bill Fraser was an interested spectator at the Alberta Kennel Club show held in Calgary last week.

Two Scots arriving in London went to a hotel, where they were informed that the rooms on the first floor were a guinea a night; rooms on the second floor fifteen shilling; and the third floor ten shilling, and on the fourth floor seven-and-six. The older of the two shook his head. "No, no, mister," he said. "Ye've a fine hoose but it's not nearly high enough."

It was at a summer hotel, and the baby, being warm and fretful, cried. "Tut! tut! We can't disturb our neighbors this way," said the fond father, taking the child in his arms. "Let me sing him to sleep." He sang, and straightaway came a knock on the door and these words: "There's a sick lady next door, and, if it is all the same to you, would you mind letting the baby cry instead of singing to it?"

Funeral services for the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould of Brant, who died in the High River hospital on Thurs., Nov. 29, were held from A. W. Kelly's Funeral Home on Saturday, Dec. 1 at 2 p.m. The service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Bell of Brant, and a large number of sympathetic neighbors and friends attended the funeral.

A carload of flour and cereals is being assembled from the districts of High River, Nanton and Claresholm to be forwarded as a donation to needy districts selected by the government. The local receiving point is with Mr. Clyde Moore at the Independent Grain Company. Farmers are bringing in wheat which is exchanged for flour to swell the donation, and towns people are contributing flour and cereals. Response to this worthy cause has been good but could be better. It is understood that the shipment moves out early next week, so those who wish to contribute should do so immediately.

The annual At Home of the Eastern Star Chapter, held last Wednesday evening added another to the long series of pleasant events of this nature. Those present included members and their families and Masons and their wives. These were welcomed by Mrs. G. Malmberg, W.M., assisted by Mrs. R. A. Green and Mrs. Miles Sr. About 125 joined in the delicious banquet served at 6.30 followowing which cards were played till ten o'clock. The winners were Mrs. Shillam and Mr. Delmar Way with consolations to Mrs. G. Heslip and Vance Hitchner. Several hours of dancing concluded the happy evening.

BOWLING LEAGUE STANDING

	Won	Lost
McNichol	22	8
I.O.O.F.—B	20	10
Lane	20	10
I.O.O.F.—C	16	14
Rotary No. 1	16	14
Telfer	15	15
Rowland	14	16
I.O.O.F.—A	14	16
Comerks	13	17
Rotary No. 2	13	18
B.P.O.E.	12	18
Rotary No. 3	9	21
Individual High Single: Joe Hunt		392
Individual High Three: Joe Hunt		878
Team High Single: I.O.O.F.—C		1077
Team High Three: Telfer		2628

ABOUT 1000 PEOPLE ATTEND LOCAL SALE

If crowds are any indication, the auction sales held in this district recently, are showing quite a little of the old pre-depression spirit. They have been very well attended, and the community sale held in High River last Thursday afternoon drew a crowd of about one thousand people. Auction Gilchrist handled the great variety of wares very competently. From the standpoint of articles disposed of it was a very large sale, but many of these were of small value. The crowd was in good bidding humor, and interest was maintained throughout. Amongst the stock, some of the good prices of the day were in the grade cows, one of which brought $38 and another $31.00.

TUXEDO
JELLY CRYSTALS
4 pkts. for ---------- 23c

CELERY
4 lbs. for ---------- 23c

MARMALADE
ORANGE
4 lb. pail
Each ---------- 49c

SODA BISCUITS
Dollar Box
Each ---------- 33c

SOAP DEAL
A Pail Full
for ---------- 75c

ASSOCIATED SERVICE
105 STORES

Sweet PO
3 lbs. for ----

VEGETAB
2 Tomatoes,
ALL FOR ----

Econom
A. G.
2 lbs. for ----

High River
Association
W. O. Zimmerman

DINTON

Ladies of Dinton W.I. met at the home of Mrs. Wm. Laycraft for their November meeting which was well attendeu in spite of the cold. Mrs. J. E. McKeage presided. At the meeting they discussed the young people having the hall, and also planned the community Christmas tree to be held in the hall December 21. It is hoped that all the surrounding schools will take part in the program, and that it may be a very pleasurable occasion. Plans were also made for a misfit dance on December 7, and the ladies hope everyone would understand that this was a misfit, not an unfit dance. Miss Marjory Johnston drew the lucky ticket for the monthly prize and a delicious lunch was served by the hostess.

FARROW

Mrs. Trimble of Calgary is visiting with Mrs. Paul Randle.

Mr. Liman Humphrey has returned from a trip in the Rimbey country.

The young people are enjoying skating on the Dickenson pond.

Mrs. Bert Weber held a shower for Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Green at her home last month. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and useful gifts.

Mr. Harry Huntley has returned from his northern home to visit his family.

The annual meeting of the Ladies Aid will be held Jan. 3rd at the church. Full attendance is requested.

Two plays, "Packing a Missionary Box" and "Unemployment' will be presented by the Ladies Aid in the Farrow church on December 10th.

MEN'S WEAR—A
Real Xmas Selection
Conveniently Displayed

MEN'S TIES—Every one new and suitably boxed.
Prices -------- 50c 75c
$1.00 $1.50 adn $1.75

MEN'S MUFFLERS—The new all wool plaids
$1.50 to $2.50

MEN'S GARTERS in Cigarette Cases

MEN'S BRACES and ARM BANDS in Book Cover
50c to $1.50

SKATING OUTFITS—For men and boys. We have always had the best values. Prices
$3.65 to $6.95

MEN'S SWEATERS—Fancy V neck Pullovers. Heavy Jumbo all wool Coats
$2.95 to $6.00

MOLE SHIRT—The best heavy English Mole Shirt, G.W.G. make at ---------- $1.95

SHIRTS—The best heavy fleece back Duro cloth shirts, G.W.G. make at ---------- $1.95

DRESS SHIRTS—Men's Dress Shirts that fit. Made by Forsyth Arrow and famous Fifty Brand
Prices ---- $1 to $2.50

STANLEY CLOTHING CO.
--Quality in Men's Clothing --